Abate thy houres, ſhine comforts from the eaſt,
That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light,
From theſe that my poore company deteſt;
And ſleepe that ſometimes ſhuts vp ſorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne company. *Sleepe.*
Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Here ſhe comes, curſt and ſad,
Cupid is a knauiſh lad, *Enter Hermia.*
Thus to make poore females mad.
Her. Neuer ſo weary, neuer ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
I can no further crawle, no further goe;
My legs can keepe no pace with my deſires.
Here will I reſt me till the breake of day,
Heauens ſhield *Lyſander*, if they meane a fray.
Rob. On the ground ſleepe ſound,
Ile apply your eye gentle louer, remedy.
When thou wak'ſt, thou tak'ſt
True delight in the ſight of thy former Ladies eie,
And the Country Prouerbe knowne,
That euery man ſhould take his owne,
In your waking ſhall be ſhowne.
Iacke ſhall haue *Iill*, nought ſhall go ill,
The man ſhall haue his Mare againe, and all ſhall be well.
Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behinde them.
Tita. Come ſit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes do coy,
And ſticke muske roſes in thy ſleeke ſmoothe head,
And kiſſe thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.
Clowne. Where's *Peaſe-bloſſome*?
Peaſ. Ready.
Clowne. Scratch my head, *Peaſe-bloſſome*. Wher's Mounſieur *Cobweb*? *Cob.* Ready.

Clown.

Clo. Mounſieur *Cobweb*, good Mounſieur get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red hipt humble-bee, on the top of a thiſtle; and good Mounſieur bring me the hony bag. Doe not fret your ſelfe too much in the action, Mounſieur; and good Mounſieur haue a care the hony bag breake not, I would be loth to haue you ouerflowne with a hony-bag ſignior. Where's Mounſieur *Muſtardſeed*?
Muſ. Ready.
Clo. Giue me your neafe, Mounſieur *Muſtardſeed*. Pray you leaue your courteſie, good Mounſieur.
Muſt. What's your will?
Clo. Nothing good Mounſieur, but to helpe Caualery *Cobweb* to ſcratch. I muſt to the Barbers Mounſieur, for me-thinkes I am maruailous hairy about the face. And I am ſuch a tender aſſe, if my haire do but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.
Tita. What, wilt thou heare ſome ſome muſick, my ſweet loue?
Clowne. I haue a reaſonable good eare in muſicke. Let vs haue the tongs and the bones.
Tita. Or ſay ſweete Loue, what thou deſireſt to eate.
Clow. Truely a pecke of prouender; I could mounch your good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I haue a great deſire to a bottle of hay: good hay, ſweete hay hath no fellow.
Tita. I haue a venturous Fairy,
That ſhall ſeeke the ſquirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.
Clo. I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried peaſe. But I pray you let none of your people ſtir me, I haue an expoſition of ſleepe come vpon me.
Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes,
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.
So doth the woodbine, the ſweete Honiſuckle,
Gently entwiſt; the female Iuy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.